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J. G. PINNEY, POLLMAN MARSES RILL - - MISSOURI

REV. T. Dewitt Talmage, the eminext. I. Dewitt Talmage, the emi-nent Brooklyn divine, it is announced, will sever his connection with perio-dical literature, and devote his occrgies as editor exclusively to the Chris-tian Herald of New York.

A CYNICAL man says: "If you want to keep a friend never do business with him. If he takes advantage of you, you will hate him. If you discover that you have missed an opportunity to trick him you will hate yourself."

ASTONISHMENT is manifested by some people at the discovery that neither Mr. Blaine nor Mr. Randall ever studied law. One began his career as a journalist, and the other in mercantile pursuits. This seems to demonstrate that it is the man and not the prefession that makes the statesman.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and John G. Whittier are optimistic old men. The former in proce and the latter in poetry have recently given voice to their ideas regarding old age. Their cheerfulness is a rebuke to aged Europeans of note who seem to grow crabbed as they approach the end of

IT is an interesting fact that the portrait of Queen Victoria in widow's weeds is still used on the 3-cent and 6cent postage stamps of Newfoundland. The 1-cent stamp of the same country shows the prince of Wales' portrait as a boy. A stamp of the Colony of Victoria bears a representation of the queen sitting on her throne.

JUSTICE BREWER is the youngest member of the United States Supreme Court, both in years and point of service. He is only 52. The Chief Justice and Justice Harlan are 57. Justice Lamar is 65, and Justice Blatchford is five years his senior. Miller and Fields are the same age, 74, and Bradley is the Nestor of the Court, having lived 77 years.

A NEW JERSEY colored man has demonstrated what instinct can do backed with courage. Ho visited a chicken house and grain shed recently and stole thirty chickens, eighteen bushels of corn, two bags of corn meal, three bags of rye feed and two bags of rye in the grain. After all, he betrayed moderation by not taking the chicken house and shed.

This thing of getting married is a risky business anyhow, but none of the new-fangled ways of going about it have been conspicuously successful. The old-fashioned courtship has yet to be improved on. This is the experience of the Pittsburg man who saw his future wife in a vision and afterwards met and married her. There was a lack of divinity in the affinity. Divorce and alimony.

KATE FIELD urges a large increase in the salaries of senators and congressmen, and pathetically declares: "Our public men may be rewarded in heaven. They certainly get little but cuffs in this world." Even with the inducements now offered, the supply of wouldbe statesmen exceeds the demand. It is significant that none of the "ins" display a desire to exchange their fountain of Youth he would do as much cuffs on earth for options on the future as his friend had done in discovering

Dr. E. Golay, a French physician, thinks that the education of the fair sex is on too narrow a basis, and that the one thing especially wanting in the tuition of the present day is instruction in the art of bringing up children. Who knows but that in the future time of the present world there will be a Professorship of Family-Raising in the female seminaries of the land. And then will come the struggle as to the mode of selection.

FROM memoranda of the late Henry W. Grady it has been found that during the year 1889 he made loans to various people in amounts from \$50 to \$400, the whole aggregating more than \$13,000. Most of this is collectable, and makes a substantial addition to the editor's estate. It is said that no one ever went away from him empty-handed. His purse was open to any of his friends, and his personal friends were thousands.

THE Young Liberal club of Toronto, Ont., at a recent meeting declared in a resolution that, if instead of presenting addresses of a reactionary character, declaring their attachment to the British connection, the legislators would endeavor to secure for the Canada people a larger degree of selfgovernment and thus prepare the way for the complete independence of Can-ada, their action would be more acceptable to Canadians generally.

all resping book, and threshed as in the time of the Counts, that is, tramping about with asses hitched to a ne. The plow is a crooked stick pointed with iron. In the towns are n beavy wooden carts drawn by ren. Most of the carrying, transfer ing, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick lumber, in fact, almost every-Sand, thing that has to be moved, is ourried

SATANIC FALSEHOOD.

'All Tret Man Hath Will He Give for His Life."

Lot. 2 D: Witt Talmage Brands a Common Error-Life Is Procious, But How Many Lay It Down as a Willing Sperifice In Hobis Causa

In the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Sunday morning Dr. Talmage took as the subject of his discours, "Would You Lik; to Live Your Life Over Again?" His text

to Live Your Life Over Again?" His text was Job II, 4: "All that a man hath will be give for his life." He said.

That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord, when the cril one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore bolls." And Satan has been the author of all executions the same has a left of the same life. of all eruptive diseases since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark—"All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stool on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot tempt, and thousands of martyrs who sub-mitted to fiery stake and knife of missions and headsman's ax and guillotin; rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true, when it says: "All that a man hath will he give for

But Satan's false'sood was built on a But Satan's false nood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sunitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all toar of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all straggles in crisis of accident. An admiral of the British nave was courtof the British navy was court-martialed for turning his snip around in time of danger and so damig-ing the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around and admit that it was damaged, but do you want to know why I turned it

There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did serve him I considered the life of one I considered the life of one sailor worth all the vessils of the British navy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is in lead very precious. Yes, there fare those who deem it so precious they would like to repeat it, they would like to try it again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, from thirty to twenty. I purpose for very practical and useful purposes, as will ap-pear before I get through, to discuss the question we have asked of others, and have again asked of us—would you like to

live your life over again!
The fact is that no intelligent and right fearing man is satisfied with his past I fe. We have all made so many mistakes, stum-bled into so many blunders, said so man things that ought not to have been said and done so many things that ought not to have been done, that we can suggest at least minety-five per cent of improvement. Now would it not be grand if the good Lerd would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again. I will by a word turn r hair to bro va or black or golden, and oth all the wrinkles out of your temple and cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffness from the joint and the rheumatic twings from the joint and the room is twenty-one from the foot, and you shall be twenty-one who years of age and just what you were you reached that point before." position were made I think many thous ands would accept it. That feeling caused the ancient search for what was called the Fountain of Youth, the waters of which taken, would turn the hair of the octoge-narian into the curly locks of a boy, and however old a person who drank at that fountain he would be young again. The island was sail to belong to the group of the Bahamas, but lay far out in the ocean. The great Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon fellow voyager with Columbus, I have America. So he put out in 1512 from Port. Rico and cruised about among the Baha-mas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such foun were bottled up and sent abroad at a thou sand dollars a bottle, the deman I would b reater than the supply, and many a min who has come through a life of uselessness, perhaps sin, to old age would shaking up the potent liquid, if he were directed to

take only a teaspoonful after each meal would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a tablespoonful, and if directed to take a tablespoonful would take a glassful. But some of you would have to go back further than to tweaty-one years of age to make a fulr start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yes, in order to get a fair start some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad herelitary influare suffering from bad acreditary influ-ences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again and your father lived his life over again and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered up place this world would be, a place filled with miserable at-tempts at repairs. I begin to think that it

one chance and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Hesides that, if we were permitted to live lifeover again, it would be a state and stupid experience. The rest and spur and enthusiam of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you a man in mil-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the toens, what a nuisance you would be to others and what an unhappiness to yourself. Your what a nuisance you would be to others and what an unhappiness to yourself. Your contemporaries would not want you and you would not want you and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interroration, would only call forth from you a diagusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be biase at thirty and a misanthrope at forty and unendurable at fifty. The most iname and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life. It is amusing to bear people say: "I would take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under those improved suspices." Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with those present attainments in a child's mind. No one would want such a boy around the house: A phi-

tieth milestone or the fortieth milestone and retrace your steps to the tweutieth, your experience would be something like mine one day last November in Italy. I walked through a great city with a friend and two guides, and there were in all the city only four persons and they were those of our own group. We went up and down the streets, we entered the houses, the museums the

group. We went up and down the streets, we entered the houses, the museums, the temples, the theatres. We examined the won terful pictures on the walls and the most exquisite mostle on the floor. In the streets were the deep worn ruts of wagons, but not a wagon in the city. On the front steps of mansions the word "Welcome," in Latin, but no human being to greet us. The only bodies of any of the citizons that we saw were patrified and in the museums at the gates. Of the thirty-five thousand people who once lived in those homes and worshiped in those temples and clapped in those temples and clapped in those theatres, not one left! For eighteen hundred years that city of Pompeii had been buried before molern exploration scooped out of it the lava of Vessivius. Well, he who should be permitted to return on the pathway of the lava of Vesuvius. Well, he who should be permitted to return on the pathway of his earthly life and live it over again would find as lonely and sad a pligrimage. It would be an exploration of the deaf past. The old school house, the old church, the old home, the old play ground either gome or occupied by others, and for you more depressing than was our Pompeian visit in November.

Besides that, would you want to risk the Besides that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again! From the fact that you are here I conclud: that though in many respects your life manhave been unfortunate and unconsecrated you have got on s. far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for my-self, my life has been far from being as consecrated as I would like to have had it, i would not want to try it over ugain, less next time I would do worse. Why, just Lock at the temptations we have all passed through and just look at the multitudes who have gone completely under. Just call over the roll of your school mates and college mates, the claras who were with you in the same store or bank, or the operatives in the same store or bank, or the operatives in the same fac-tory with just as good prospects as you, who have come to complete mishap. So me young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire and own the fastest trotters on Westchester turnpike and retire by the not hear from him for many years, and know nothing about him until some day he know nothing about him until some day he comes into your store and asks for five cents to get a mug of beer. You, the good mother of a household and all your children rising up to call you blessed, can remember when you were quite jealous of the beile of the viriage who was so trans-endently fair and popular. But while you have those two honorable and queenly names of wife and nothable and queenly names of wife and moth or, she became a poor waif of the street, and went into the blackness of darkness forever. Live life over again! why, if many of those who are now respectable were permitted to experiment the next journs; would be demolition. You got through, as Job says, by the skin of the teath. Next time you might not go: tarough at all. Salan would say "I know him botter now than I did before, and however they years been studying his weaknesses, and I will we we a stronger web of circum stances to eatch him next time." And Satur would center his forces on this one man, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. My friends, our faces are in the right direction. Better go forward than backward, even if we had the of would be for you to return to borhood in 1891. Oh, if life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga lake, I would like to get into a yacht and sail over it, not once, but twice yea, a thousand times. But life is an un-certain sea, and some of the ships crash on the leabergs of cold indifference, and some take fire of evil passion, and some lose their forbearings and run into the skerries, and some are never heard of. Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is Besid all this do you know if you could

ave your wish and live life over again it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven! If you are in the noon of life or the evening of life you are not very far from the golden gate at which you are to meet your transported and emparadised lovel ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years or ten years or one year off from colestial conjunction.

Now suppose you went back in
your earthly life thirty cars or forty
years or lifty years, what an awful
postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet and you got to Oaklani, four to five miles this side of it, and then came back to Hoboken or Harlem to got a better start; crowned and having come in sight of the mountains of Wales you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further on you get in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal of broken up companionship. No; the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well it turns so fast. Three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and forward. But hear ye! Hear ye! while I tell you how you may practically live your life over again and be all the better for it. You may not into the second sec put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your past life. You may make the coming ten years worth the preceding forty or fifty years when a man says he would like to live hi When a man says he would like to live his life over again because he would do so much better, and yet goes right on living as he had always lived, do you not see he stuitifies hims.lif He proves that if he could go back he would do almost the same as he has done. If a man eat green apples some Wednesday in choiera time and is thrown into fearful cramps and says on Thursday: "I wish I had been more prudent in my diet; oh, if I could live Wednesday over again," and then on Friday eats apples just as green, he proves that it would have been no advantage for him to live Wednesday over again. And if we, deploring our past life and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it provement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on making the same miscommitting the same sins, we tages and committing the sam's sins, we only demonstrate that the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement. It was green apples before and it would by green apples over again. As soon as a ship esptain strikes a rock in the lake or sea he reports it and a busy is swung over that rest and marinas henceforth stand of reports it and a budy is swung over that
reef and marines henceforth stand off
from that rook. And all our mistakes
in the past ought to be budys warning us
to keep in the right channel. There is no
excuse for us if we split on the same rock
where we split before. Going along the
sidewalk at night where excavations are
being made, we frequently see a lantern on
a frame work, and we turn aside, for that
lantern says, keep out of this hole. And

lantern says, keep out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we come to mid life we ought to know where it is safe to walk and where it is unsafe. safe to walk and where it is unsafe.

Beside that, we have all those years been learning now to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God and the church and the world than in any previous four decales. The best way to stone for past indolonce or past transgression is by future assiduity. Yet you often find Christian mon who were not converted until they were forty or fifty, as old asse comes on, saving: "Well, my

or his finguring. My brother, you give for his fingering. My brother, you give nine-tenths of your life to sin and Satan and then get converted and then rest awhile in sanctified lariness and then go up to get your heavenly reward, and I warrant it will not take the cashler of the regrant it will not take the cashier of the royal banking house a great while to count out to you all your dues. He will not ask you if you will have it in bilis of large denomination or small. I would like to put one sentence of my sermon in italies, and have it underscored and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we cannot live our lives over again, the nearest we live our lives over again, the nearest we can come to atone for the past is by re-

If this rail train of life has been detained and switched off and is far behind the time table, the engineer for the rest of the way must put on more pressure of steam and co mile a minute in order to arrive at the

a mile a minut; in order to arrive at the right time and place under the approval of conductor and directors.

As I supposed it would be, there are mul-titudes of young people listening to this sormon on whom this subjet has acted with the force of a galvanic tattery. Without saying a word to them, they have solito-quized, saying: "As on reamnot live his life over again, and I can make only on: trip, I mest look out and make no mist sees; I have but one chance and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you made this application of the a remay your. made this application of the sermen yourself. When a minister toward the close his sermon says: "Now a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get their arm through one sleeve of their over-costs, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I real years ag, who, in sub-stance, said: "I shall be along this pathway of life but once and so I must do all the kindness I can." My history, the mistain of could can mixe be consider. mistai. of youth can nover by corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so to day I look up and see two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of three hundred and sixty-five, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four, and they are the flying hours, and each of the ion is followed by sixty, and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from! Eternity past. Where sre they bound! Eteraity to come. You might as well go a gunning for the qualis that whistled lest year in the meadows or that whistled lest year in the meadows or the robins that last year circ el in the sky as to try to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now and make it up afterwards." Young mea and boys, you can't make it up. My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild oats, to the end of their short life sowed wild oats, and that those who start sow-ing Genesee wheat always sow Geneses wheat. And then the resping of the har-yests is so different. There is grandfather vests is so different. There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been good. His eyesight for this world has grown somewhat dim, but his eyesight for heaven is radiant. His nearing is not so scute as it on to was he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she usks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music raised from supernal spheres. Men passing in the streets take off their hats in reverence and women say: "What a good old man he is." Seventy or eighty years all for God and for making this world happy. will have hard work getting into heaven because those he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gates to tell him how glad they are at his coming until he says: "Please to stand back a little till I pass through and cast my crown at the feet of him whom having not seen I love." I do not know what you call that. I call it the harvest of Genesce wheat.

Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be bouyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire,

have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down and falling deeper. His awholen unus in his threat to please and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the sims-house. A leathsome spectacle he lies all duy long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and of what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American conti-nent, but there he is a bloated carcass wait-ing for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild o ts!
"There is a way that seemeth right to
a man, but the end thereof is death." a man, out too end thereof is dead.

Young man, as you cannot live life over
again however you may long do so, be sure
to have your one life right. There is in
this august assembly I wot not, for we are
made up of all sections of this land and made up of all sections of this laud and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you and your mother, I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parters. ents a present of their wayward boy, re pentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter and you to carry the letter, saying. "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus." My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years. A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forest that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day fuls tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom the young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: "I lost my son in battle and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive!" The young man said: "I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive." Then said the Indian chieftain: "Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning I say to you, young man, captive of way wardness and sin; Your father is waiting for you. Your mother is waiting for yo Your sistors are waiting for you. God waiting for you. Go home! Go home!

Mr. Munde says that to the impro dent act of getting out of bed without ling the feet-one so commonly many an attack of cellulitia, production by the sudden though momentary exposure of the feet to cold. It has caused more diseases to women previously healthy than could result from any other single act of imprudence—

AARON BLAIR'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER I .- (CONTINUED.)

She led the w.v. 20 to the green-house and red-brick side of the cottage, but across the lawn, round by the lattice-windows, and so on to th back of the cottage, the two friends following, and Toss bringing up the rear. Here they came upon a large cleared space, littered with sawdust and shavings, and a great wooden shed looking like a workshop. In front of the door was a carpenter's bench, covered with tools, nails, s rews, and so on, and before it, carefully planing a board, was the figure of a broad-shouldered middle-aged man, with a sunburnt face and grizzled hair, whose shirt-sleeves were rolled up above the elbows of a pair of muscular arms. Hearing the sound of footsteps he looked up, revealing a good forehead, straight blunt features, a square chin, a rather hard mouth, and a pair of quick dark eyes. He glanced rapidly and comprehensively from the girl to the two figures that followed b ollowed her.
"Well, Lily—well,"he said, "wha

· These gentlemen have lost their way, father," explained the girl.
"Their way? Which is their way?

Where are they going?

He still seemed to address the girl but Owen took the question to himself We ought to be going to Upper Datching," he said; "but I am afraid that is exactly what we are not doing.

"You are not. You should have taken the other turning at the top of the road. This will lead you entirely out of your way." "Just what I told you!" put is

Alleyn admonishingly.
"Well, I know," admitted Owen, in the same tone. "May I ask how far it is to Upper Datching ?"

"From the point where you went wrong as nearly six miles as possi-"The dickens," exclaimed Ower

with a groan - "as far as that?" "Quite as far as that. I see you have been fishing, gentlemen. Any

"Not a bito! Never had such an experience! When did we get to the stream, George? Nine o'clock this morning-and stuck to it until nearly | night to his host. four without a nibble. Never was such luck!"

"Ah, you can hardly expect much sport on such a hot day as this! 1 took a day at it last week—when was

"Last Wednesday, father," "Ah—last Wednesday! Good mug-gy sort of day, with a sprinkle of rain now and then-you remember, perhaps? That's the weather for bites! I brought home a fine basket, though say it." He had put down the plane upon the bench and was looking with an expression of critical pleasure at the fine trout rod which Alleyn held. "Choose a good day, sir, and you will not fail with a rod like that, if you know anything of fishing at all. a beauty! But a broiling day like this doesn't give it a chance

"It has given us a pretty fair chance of getting roasted," said Owen, with a laugh, "and of dying of thirst into the bargain eh, George,

The remark was suggestive certainly; but, after such a day and such a tramp, it was perhaps excusable. The man, perhaps because he was an enthusiastic fisherman, took the hint

"If you and your friend are not in any hurry, sir," he said, addressing Owen, "perhaps you'll stay and take a glass of ale and a sandwich. It's thirsty weather, and you've a good np to Up

You are very kind-I'm sure we are ery much obliged," replied Owen, sincerely grateful, and taking no notice of Alleyn's reluctant face. ...I hope you'll let us know whom we have e pleasure of thanking?"

"My name is Auron Blair," was the omewhat curt answer: but indeed the whole manner of the man, although pleasant in a blunt way, was yet un-polished abrupt and gruff. "Leave your tackle and things here, gentlenen-they'll be quite safe. Lilly, my girl, go and see to things a bit, will you? This way, if you please."

Lilly, with a nod at her father and with Toss behind her, disappeared through a doorway into what looked like a red-tiled scullery: while the two friends followed their host round the house the way they had come to a side door overhung with a scented mass of clematis and jasmine. Mr. Blair quietly turning down his shirtsleeves and buttoning the wristbands as he lead the way. He ushered them across a narrow passage and into a good-sized room, plainly furnished as sitting or dining room, where a ouxom servant girl, assisted by a supercilious and much smarter damsel in of Lady Elizabeth. Yes,"—he a muslin apron and coquettish mopa muslin apron and coquettish mopcap, was engaged in "laying the cloth." A rack of pipes, a tobacco-A rack of pipes, a tobaccopouch and box, a spittoon, and a cush-ioned Windsor-chair, with a loose house-coat thrown over its arm, seemed to announce that this was the general sitting-room and lounging place of the master of the cottage Beyond a large bunch of flowers which decorated the chimney piece there was no sign in it of a woman's presence. But perhaps such traces were confined to the room with the French window and the fashionable furniture. The cold roast-beef was good, the

cheese and home-made bread were capital, and the ale was better than either-at any rate, in the opinion of the thirsty couple who sat down to it.
Owen, to whom almost anything that was new was always charming, enjoyed himself thoroughly, getting up-on excellent terms with his host over a mutual comparison of piscatorial notes; and even George partially for-got that dinner and Milly Heath were waiting for them six miles off at Upper Datching. When at last the alo and beef were done with, he had scarcely a word of dissent ready when Owen accepted the suggestion of Mr. Blair that, before starting on their homeward walk, they should smoke a pipe out on the green, where Lily's white dress had been filting to and fro while the menl was in progress.

The fierce sun had gone down now.

and the garden was very cool, fra-grant, and shadowy. Two or three rustic chairs were placed under the shade of a good-sized chestaut-tree at one corner of the grassy slope, and in one of them Mr. Blair took his seat while filling the serviceable briar-pipe

which he had brought with him from the sitting-room. George, pulling out his merschaum, followed his host's example; but Owen. having extracted a fine cigar from a dandy case and lighted i., lingered a little, and then sauntered across to Lily. Toss in one of his reck ess moments had broken the drooping branch of a rose-tree, and the girl was kneeling down trying to tie it up.

"Let me try, Miss Blair, won't you?"

said Owen.

"Oh, thank you—if you th'nk you can!" In her light lithe way she was, erect in an instan. "It is all that tiresome Toss! He breaks my flowers dreadfully, the little regue!" By way of washing Toss and dally impress. of punishing Toss, and duly impress ing upon him the general enormity of his conduct, she picked him up and kissed him between his eyes, which were as green as e neralds in the dusk. and then sat him down upon his feet Owen, looking up into her gray eyes

as he tied up the roses, felt an in-ane desire to ask her if she would : reat the repairer of the damage in the same way as she had the cause of it. He checked that impulse however, and only said as audaciously as he dared— "I think that will do, Miss Blair. Won't you give me a rose by way o

payment?" "Oh. you may have more than one! She looked at him with most perfectly unconscious innocence. "I have so nany, I hardly know what to do with them. Take which you like best."
"But I m afraid I shall break the

branch perhaps if I try," demurred Owen artfully. "I'm awfully clumsy. "Perhaps you will," she agreed.

Which do you like best? These little moss-roses are my fa orites." "Then I will have one of those, if I may.

So the moss-rose was selected, picked, and placed carefully in the gentleman's button-hole-a pro ess which was not satisfactory completed for some minutes, and not until a great many more of less foolish re-marks had passed upon each side, more or less sentimen'al too perhaps. But the two reached the chestnut tree presently, and found that Alleyn had gathered all the fishing tackle together, and was just ready to say good

Farewell remarks were exchanged with some blunt good humor on the one side and many hearty thanks on the other; and then George bowed to Lilly, and Owen held her little hand for a moment; and then the friends went out the white gate, and startel at a brisk pace for Upper Datching.

"Do you like them father?" asked Lily. She stood with her round arms on the top bar of the gate, looking thoughtfully after the two retreating figures-or perhaps at the taller one. which was very natural, for Owen was so much handsomer than his friend.

"Like them?" repeated Aaron Blair. "Fairish, my dear-fairish! They're both pleasant young fellows enough. What do you think of enough.

"The one that stayed with you-Mr. Alleyn-is rather nicer than the other, isn't he? I wonder if we shall see them again?" "Not very likely. They'll hardly miss their way again." "But," faltered Lily, stooping to

pick up Toss, and rest her check against his shining black back, "he said he would like to come again, and asked me if he might. The other one, I mean -Mr. Ormiston," "Who, child? Mr. what-what did

you say?' Aaron Blair, turning thus upon his

were flerce. " 'Mr. Oriston,' father-that is his name. He gave me his card for fear I should forget. This is it-look." She held out the little slip of card-

board. Mr. Blair took it; but he did not look at it,
"All right, Lily, So that's his name, is it? Run in and get me my pouch, my dear, will you? I'll have another pipe,"

The pouch was in his pocket, but Lily did not know that, and went at once. Aaron Blair, holding out the card on the palm of his broad brown hand, bent down to look more closely at the name inscribed thereon. He read it aloud, and the accompanying address -

" Owen Ormiston, The Cot, Upper Datching, Its the name, sure enough, he said. Is it the name or is there likely to be another Owen Ormiston? It cannot be his son -he did not marry again." He looke at the card again. " 'The Cot.' What can they be doing at a place like that. in this part of the world? It must be the same-it must! The other spoke gers - "it is the same!"

He said no more, for Lily was coming across the grass with Toss frisking and barking about her white skirt; but he suddenly tore Owen Ormiston's card into a hundred pieces, and scattered the fragments from him like a handful of anow.

CHAPTER II. "Quite romantic, I declare! Two vandering knights of the rod, a fair princess, an enchanted castle, and p enevolent ogre of hospitable tenden cies! Really, with a little accentuating it would make a delightful fairytale! There is only one improve ment I can think of. My dear Owen. you should have brought home some

"Don't you chaff now, Milly !" said Owen lazily. "We didn't have a bite all day. Ask Alleyn there."

"Just what I expected-and it serves you quite right. You should have stayed at home and helped me to amuse myself." "My dear girl. I wish we had-as

far as the fish are concerned."

Owen was lying in an easy white linen coat and slippers, at full length upon the sofa in the drawing-room of The Cot; Alieyn, leaning idly against The Cot; Alieyn, leaning idly against the chimney-piece, was looking at Millicent Heath, whose eyes were fixed upon Owen. Milly was a pretty girl, dark and vivacious, with hair cut in a natural curly crop, bright brown eyes, and a manner wonderfully "taking" and pleasant. She were a gown of pale-primrose tint, and had a yellow rose fastened in her hair.

said, with a pout and a shrug of her graceful choulders; "for I have had he reverse of a pleasant day! Lady Elizabeth was not in a too-pleasant humor to begin with; and, when you did not ap ear in time for dinner, she was positively cross. You know she is always cross when she has a headache - or, more strictly speaking, she has a beada he whene or she is cross. So she went to the down and left me to myself."

"For which relief, many thanks! exclaimed Owen, apparently talking to the sofa cu-hion -1 told you we should catch I. George! I say, Milly, will her ladysh p re-appear to-night, do you think?' "I don't think to." replied Miss

Heath, with an undutiful grimace. • I hope not, I am sure!

"Then I shall just have a n p, said Owen, with a yawn waich seemed to threate dislocation of the jaw. "I'm so confounded y sleepy, that I couldn't keep my eyes open much longer for a pension! isn't sleepy-he nover is. You can go and have a olly good spoon in the garden.'

It was too bad; but it was Owen's revenge on George for his blunt reception of certain raptures on the ubject of Lily Binir. A leyn blushed; but Millicent's self-possession was more than equal to the occasion, as it usually was.

"He is polite, isn't he, Mr. Alleyn? But of all sleepy and buy people I think he is the very wor t! Shall we go out for a little while? The garden looks deliciously cool; and you can finish your cigar-Owen says that not minding smoke is one of my most distinguished virtues.

George assented eagerly. Nothing, in his opinion, could be more delightul than a s roll in the moonlight, if he might have Milly Heath all to himself; and to night it would be more delightful than ever, after that little confidence of Owen's-Owen, who was apparently asleep already with his arms folded beneath his head. So they stopped out of the low window side by side, Miss Heath holding ber pale-yellow skirts off the grass, which was go ting dewy now, and Alleyn letting his cigar go out wi hout knowing it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

He Had Made a Mistake, Culler-Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brash ing and fixing.

Lady of house-What suit? "Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning." "And he said I was to let you have

them?" "Yes'm." "Did he appear in good health and

"Why, certainly." "Look and act natura"?" "Of course. Why do you ask?"

· Because he has been dead layears, and I have ome curio ity on the sub cet. "I-I have made a mistake, per-

"Perhaps you have. The man you

saw go out of here an boar ago is my brother. Good morning."—Glasgow. Citi en.

Trying It Himself. Mrs. Trim-Good morning Torsary Did your mamma send you in?

Tommy (age 8)-No'm. I thought would like to make a call. That's very nice, I'm sure. But you mustn't be bushful on your first call. Can't you raise your eyes from

the carpet? ·Oh, I'm not bashful, but mother daughter, frightened her; for his says your carpet is so ugly that it

thought I would come in and try it myself."-Commercial Bulletin. Diseases of the Nose. A Dutch physician has recently de-clared that a close connection exists:

between the exercise of our mental faculties and disorders of the nesec The opinion is expressed that if it were generally known how many cases of chronic headache, of inability to learn or to perform mental work were due to chronic disease of the nose, many of these cases would be easily cured and the number of vaild-victims. of the so-called overpressure in edrcation would be notably reduced.

What He Thinks About. "My dear," said Mrs. Honeymoon to her spouse, one day at dinner, "the doctors say that one should not think about business matters at meal times. as it impairs digestion and injures the health. Pray dear, what do you think about when we sit down to meals?"

"Sweetest!" replied the old man, "I only think about chew !" And Mrs. Honoymoon put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Genuine Frankness. "Miss Gladys," said old Moneylings. if my suit is not agreeable to you say frankly, but do not, I beg of you. tell me that old, old story that you will al-

ways look upon me as a brother."
"Sir, replied the lovely maiden, as her eye lit up with the deathless flame of a pure young heart's devotion. "I do not love you well enough for a brother, but I have no objection to taking you as a husband."

An Underground Mystery. Uncle Si Low (watching pile drivers at work on a West street oun-dation)—Waal, I swow! I've heered out you buryin' the wires, but this do beat all.

Idler-Whar's this got to do with it? Uncle Si-Why, when you get them telegraph poles druv into the ground, how do the men git down to string the wire, P-Puck.

Predictions of the Sioux Indians. The Sloux Indian : have in the past proved the aselves to be reliable weather prophets, says the Sloux Falls Press. They declare that this winter will be a repetition of the winter of 1880-'81—that the snow will be deep and that the lake bods will be filled

with water next reason. Rev. Mr. Primrose—Your mother doesn't Little Johnny- No. air. She says if it hadn't been for me she'd have had sister murried years ago.